

## “9gag only has four posters” and other poems by Yours Truly

> Brehs this doesn't even rhyme  
t. William (((Shakespeare)))

### Inshallah 9gag only has four posters

9gag only has four posters  
My room only has one person  
Nobody lives in my city  
I do not grieve; I have no tears

### Inshallah Dikepocalypse

“Fuck you, you fucking hook-nosed kike,  
you fucking short-haired dyke,  
you fucking nigger-loving slut,  
you fucking mouth-breathing mutt,  
you fucking chubby wench,  
you fucking unwashed stench.”

### Inshallah the Revolution

PROLETARIANS, CLASS FEELIN REBELLIOUS  
EMBARRASSED THEIR BOSSES BE TAXIN' THEM SENSELESS  
THEY START FEELIN' ALIENATED, HELPLESS  
'TIL SOMEONE COMES ALONG WITH A VISION AND YELLS  
BITCH!!!  
AN AGITATOR, CLASS COMPLICATOR  
COULD START A REVOLUTION, POLLUTIN THE STATE, YO!  
A REBEL, SO JUST LET ME REVEL AND BASK  
IN THE FACT THAT I GOT EVERYONE READIN MY DAS [KAPITOL]  
AND IT'S A DISASTER, SUCH A CATASTROPHE  
FOR YOU TO READ SO DAMN MUCH OF MY ADS; YOU ASKED  
FOR ME?  
WELL I'M BACK, NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA  
{\*BZZT\* FIX YOUR WAGE DILEMMA SHARE IT IN AND THEN I'M  
GONNA  
ENTER IN, OVERTHROWIN THE SYSTEM LIKE A SPLINTER  
THE CENTRALISED ECONOMY, PLAN FOR THE WINNER  
I'M INTERESTING, THE BEST THING TRANSGRESSING  
INFESTING IN LOWER CLASSES EARS AND NESTING  
{\*BZZT\* TESTING, ATTENTION PLEASE  
FEEL THE TENSION, SOON AS SOMEONE MENTIONS ME  
HERE'S MY TEN POINTS, MY TRUE IS FREE  
A NUISANCE WHO SENT? YOU SENT FOR ME?

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*Akka bakka  
bonka rakka,  
etla metla  
sjong dong,  
filifjong  
issa bisssa topp*

## Inshallah the Magic Mirror

I once pursued a mirror  
That would find you your desire  
And when looking in its depths  
I could not find an answer  
To solve my only question  
I found a means but no end  
Without heart letters will not send

## Inshallah the Moonlight

May moonlight fall upon your breast  
May god send wind to lick your lips  
The river flows beneath your comb  
Granite, pines  
Silver, shine  
Green velvet throne  
Folding in, folding in  
The water brings  
The flower string  
Folding in, folding in  
The water sings  
The black horse scream  
May planets crash  
May god rain ash  
To sear our skin  
To fold us in  
Kneeling close  
Seeking hands  
Our blood is warm  
But what comes next?

## Inshallah the Martyr's Love

Drunk on love you fall to drunken stupor  
You promise her "this too shall pass"  
Of course you would fight and die for nothing  
Hypocrite that I am, I am but dust  
No man would not fight for their beloved

## Arabic wymins

No western wymins ass is class

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## Art School Master Thesis by Quentin Tarantino

They say Salvador Dali's best works  
were painted with a brush made of human hair.  
Knowing this, all the USSR painters  
were supplied with brushes of human hair  
harvested from small villages in Chechnya.  
When it comes to painting Soviet posters,  
only the finest could do,  
but then the small details started looking  
like elephants with long, twisting legs  
and dreams melting into sand.  
Accordingly, they were shot, the painters,  
and the Chechens, too.  
And they tried again with wolf hair<sup>[1]</sup>.

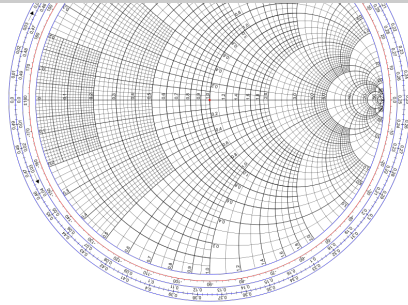
### An Ode to Theophilus Marzials

Big drops  
Plop  
Plop  
Sad drops  
Flop  
Drop!  
Over the wet boards  
Of the brown ship  
Water hoards  
In brown shit  
**Plop!**

### Inshallah Luck

Our struggles are ambrosia  
Our fortune just despair  
Hell's an absent king  
There is no torture there

No dust is not divine  
No passion not inspired  
No deathly kingdom but  
The choice to look away



## The Smith Chart

A Smith chart is an arcane thing,  
the myriad circles in a ring,  
reflection's own most complex graph-  
above this line, inductive half;  
capacitive here below,  
while round and round does VSWR<sup>[2]</sup> go.  
More stable here, less noisy there,  
and power must be max'd whene'er  
a conjugality is found  
'twixt source and load, says judgment sound.  
Now, by its study to divine  
robust high frequency design.

## This space left intentionally blank

by Anon

## Inshallah 14 daughters

Now twist it up in plum and straw,  
and the blue bell calls: Come here, 17 you get!  
In peace you listen to where you drive,  
and sing about your empty life.  
Now lay down in plums and berries,  
the sky is high and peace is close,  
there is no place as holy as here  
in fourteen daughters about Sammar'n.

But the sun shines on culture and the crotch  
and ears that are old do not mind you.  
Homemade things get nailed by a knife

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in fourteen daughters about Sammar'n.

But those who should protect our legacy  
with mashed potatoes, iron plow and harrow,  
they are traveling to the city, here they go and drive,  
and the little boy's who built his whole life?  
But you who have no skills, you who came forth,  
You know and know: It's no shame,  
to bend deep for the doorstep and tram!  
(in fourteen daughters about Sammar'n.)

**WE SAW (Feel free to edit it, i dont know what  
the fuck it is ;)**

There is a display in the law  
and sleek swabs and silk fungus.  
They would have turned away,  
but the choir's wool:  
Chem is eager to ...  
Dare to say ...  
It did not flew on long legs  
against the promise, eyes and smatters,  
and the heart chop and bump into the chest  
and my breath was like:  
Love the ears to!  
Love the ears to!  
Well, they're going to be too bullied and bullied,  
she knew the lake,  
she stepped in the high street from the wounded,  
she would win  
when she sighed down ...  
when she sighed down.  
And the water lay awake and waiting  
and the moon grew and whispered,  
and shovel shovels into black lizards.  
Then a cry came in  
from the farm,  
from the farm.

And the water seemed to clear the roof  
and we bleed like owls do,  
and the moon sailed on the sky  
and whining creaking  
and went as before,  
and went as before.  
She came to tell Lom, now is a carriage  
and nail tiles take day and night,  
but beautifully she was going to sing  
and bright whining by the lake  
hot easter to ...  
kiss ears to.

## Not a Waste Of Time

As we reflect on lonely years  
Of bringing teenage girls to tears,  
We take a seat.  
Collect and compile our forces

---

Of those who wrote in Jew or Greek  
And don't translate and so we think  
Must be fantastic.

Our numbers now we must admit  
Are not as great as /k/ or /fit/  
But we know better.  
Since all they have are guns and gains  
We'll trick them with our massive brains  
Which really matter.

Old hats remember with some dread  
Back when you couldn't read a thread  
Without Marx.  
These days /pol/ tries lure the weak  
To reading Culture of Critique  
And other larks.

Since Our philosophers decree  
That we should always disagree.  
We've separated.  
The Sci-Fi and philosophy nerds  
Against the recent-purchase herds  
we fight, elated.

Some say that reading doesn't matter  
But we prevail since we know better  
Then read for fun:  
And laugh at all those poor freaks  
Who read a word without the Greeks  
As we have done.

## Pee Pee Poo Poo Boy

Oh, what a joy  
To be a pee pee boy  
Go pee pee like me  
Pee pee everywhere I see  
Oh, what a joy  
To be a poo poo boy  
Put poo poo in a shoe  
Poo poo is all in view  
I'm a pee pee poo poo boy  
Pee pee is my plaything  
Poo poo is my toy  
I'll write an epic poem  
With a poo poo crayon  
Eating pee pee flan  
In poo poo pee pee verse  
Pee pee poo poo is my curse  
Every day I have to flush  
I get a little sad  
But when I find a task  
For pee pee poo poo  
I am so very glad  
If someone asks what brings me joy  
I'll say the words most true  
What brings me the greatest joy  
Is being a pee pee poo poo boy

## Nice romantic poems by poo pee

---

Hello, i am Dr. Sadler,  
But they call me M'adler.  
I got my twink boy Cliffy,  
I'll give him my stiffy.

## Inshallah the Aged Priest

a pastor knelt within the pew,  
a bible in his hand.  
no more could he deliver psalm  
no longer could he stand.

the pain, the pain did cloud his eyes-  
of aged ability.  
too blind to wait on hand and foot:  
a stigmatist was he!

## Inshallah's Giant Shit

I asked if I could use the toilet,  
but I shat straight in the kitchen sink  
he said you may find somewhere else to shit,  
but I said that my bladder was full,  
and it hurts far into the rectum and certainly not far enough  
I get drunk here and I'm squatting in the windowshade.  
Well, someone showed me the way, but the butt was stuck  
so they came up with a teaspoon of beech,  
but if shit comes in my underpants  
it's up to you.  
To get to the toilet we had to go through the living room,  
but suddenly, I knew that, I could not hold it,  
I shat so hard that the neighbor's poop is missing.

It was a giant shit, it was a giant shit,  
I shat so hard that the butt started to bleed.  
It was a giant shit, it was a giant shit,  
I shat so hard that the butt started to bleed.  
It was a giant shit, it was a giant shit,  
I shat so hard I thought I'd die.

It yelled and cried like in mom and dad's bedroom  
and the room was just standing there and trembling,  
and the neighboring troops thought that Germany was falling.  
The wallpaper was brown as a negro  
and it smells worse on a black man  
and the whole living room was filled with black shit.  
It was a giant shit, ...

On the carpet where I shook and scratched,  
It was sent 114 times to Africa,  
but I think it smells in his living room yet.  
So now my friend became angry and resentful,  
But maybe we will be friends,  
If I buy a Wunderbaum for Christmas,  
maybe we become friends,  
if I buy a Wunderbaum for Christmas.

Mashallah brothers  
God has willed this  
Raindrop! Great globular mass  
Weighing down the tulip petal  
Wet grass and damp earth

Ah! The sweet days of spring  
Never ending will they be

## Inshallah the Muse

Oh Beatrice my waifu, you inspire my love-drunk hand  
I ever long for your embrace, love, please unveil, show me your hair  
deliver me from longing, God, I cannot wait to clean my lover's feet  
Impious me, grant me your sight. I implore you:  
God grant me the smallest of your light!

## i am

i am  
so wonderful  
so magical

there it is  
the flame of my hair

the grace  
this godly quality of me  
you must be so envious

of not being me

you pathetic man scum  
you skin dangling  
foul smelling  
football watching

critter

hope one day  
goddesses like me  
rule  
this brown earth

and under our manolo  
blanik boots  
you worms squirming

i like the sun

-r k.

## The nigger



---

Tyrone and his squad, the bunch is truly odd.

As the night has arrived, the group of niggers strives  
For a whitey to rape, the instinct of any ape.

There he stands, Chad T. Cock, right at 10 o'clock  
Before a rather filthy block, engaged in vapid smalltalk.  
With Stacy, his bae, whom he wishes to lay  
But this very day, he will not get his way.

As the niggers come near, stacy's eyes express fear  
But chad, the poor lad, turns around raving mad.  
The niggers unleash their seminal beasts  
Chad throws a fit, and so he gets hit  
Ten pound monster cocks, and hard as a rock  
Tyrone and the boys, the envy of soys  
Doing the deed, relieving their need  
Poor whitey gets creamed, sometimes double-teamed  
Watching Stacy get fucked—Chad's turn to be cucked

Someone else finish this I'm too lazy, let stacy get raped and chad  
forced to watch as he gets cucked ← --I think this ending is just fine,  
you got exhausted of your own cuck fantasy, its a great thing. Leave it  
as it is --What do you think of my ending OP?

Not OP here. It's OK.

## Inshallah An Angel's Whisper

Under Heavens Divine sky the demon king stands on high  
Where he walks all life dies  
When the Great Stars Align  
You will know your Time is Nigh  
Yes all under Heavens Sky

## Just For Laughs

Ever seen the Just for Laughs™ videos?  
Its a hidden camera tv show  
They show it in dentistry waiting halls  
And at the subway

You can watch it all in mute  
Because it's silent comedy  
Just expressive faces  
Just for Laughs

I see these and my soul  
Fills on dread  
Repulsion, revulsion

I see these grown up fellows  
Playing pranks on unsuspecting people  
Paid people  
Everyone just laughs

No one gets pissed and punches somebody  
When scared shitless by a stranger

---

That he likes to cum on toddlers cheeks

That his shit eating grin  
Has eat actual shit in the past  
A degenerate  
A charismatic degenerate

Put there to make me laugh  
For free  
I don't go around making strangers laugh  
Wouldn't that be the weirdest thing?

I'm not taking any of that  
I'm not laughing OK

## The Walking Cunt

Do not  
I repeat  
Do not treat a woman in your life  
As if she was more than

A Walking Cunt

I did it and won  
I stopped and i failed  
You think you know stuff  
But boy oh boy

She knows that it is this way  
Carries away her life  
Knowing this fact  
It makes her wet

100%  
100% ALL THE TIME  
A walking incubator  
A matrix for seeds to be spilled

A cobweb, a fissure of dark matter  
A paradox  
Knows nothing else  
She's fine that way

Give her what she wants,  
She doesn't ask for more  
But the man becomes soft  
With time

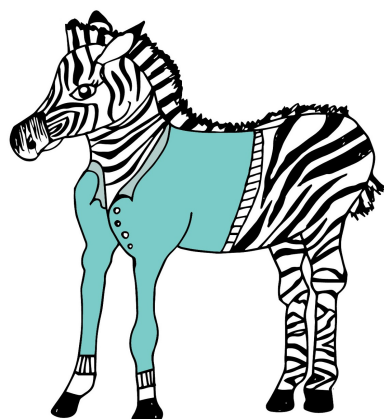
Finger the cunt  
Lick the cunt  
Fist the cunt  
Maul it out of shape

Abuse and torture the Cunt  
Then you'll have a happy home

---

mouth  
it feels like  
dad.

-r k.



## Inshallah the Crops

Moldy bread and spoiled milk  
Are the pleasures of our time  
No ambrosia is our feast  
And no nectar is our wine

Your meal is the blood and sweat  
Of one hundred other men  
So you bless the land's good yield!  
Or I'll make you meet your end

---

Now my father is dead, and mother is dead  
And my sister smiles sweetly at her children  
And I am alone in the house with a leaky roof.

## Inshallah I Know Not What

What ho, what hey  
What color is the sky today?  
What sun, what moon  
What boy to sing a lovely tune?  
What song to sing and prance about  
What warrior to scream and shout?  
What Monster man with hundred eyes  
What shadow creatures to surprise?

## Idols

You may call me Legion  
but truth the name is small  
I am prince of earth  
Everything and all

I am in your cupboard  
I am in your den  
Watch and be afraid  
I am writing of your pen

I am false idols  
Hanging on your wall  
Prayers said to pastor  
Santa at the mall

I am holy war  
who mocks the prince of peace  
I am filthy money  
And your house's lease

I am sun and moon  
Casting light on earth  
I am other people  
The mother who gave you birth

I am space and forces  
Maybe time as well  
I am not your lord, your God  
I'm the Lord of Hell

But no matter if that's right  
No matter if it's true  
I am not so much  
worth half as much as you

I am just a puppet  
trapped inside a play  
You may call me Golem  
I am made of clay.

---

I am where you look  
I am made of you  
and when this dust is gone  
I'll be gone

too.

## Arose

What arose, you might ask?  
Well nothing  
You see

It was put there just  
As a trick  
A trick to the senses  
A wordplay if you will

Arose: the poem  
What a farce huh?

But now  
Here's the trick:  
Arose  
A-rose

A rose?  
Wow COOL stuff,  
Now we're talking  
But what kind of rose

Could it be a very thorny  
Rose  
An aggressive rose, all spikes  
But small bud

Like a small,  
tight vagina  
Thorns will come later

A rose always has a smell  
You can't separate one  
From the another

What smell has this rose  
Is it sweet, is it just  
Whatever deodorant the  
Flowery has

What if the rose ends up non smelling  
At the hands of your loved one  
What sort of rose could that be  
Can you call THAT a rose?

I'd be suspicious  
at the very least

## No Girl

No girl(b  
ut not

---

deny  
would ev  
er want  
me

## Snow

"Snowmageddon! Tonight!"  
Aren't they clever with words?  
as they crash fixie bikes  
Into the street lights—  
stupid. fucking. Hipsters.

The power  
Of moms  
Squirt  
Haunts my  
Dreams

They break down  
The Door  
Late at  
Night

My head is in pain.  
Must start thread on typing  
Hi, I'm sick. : D

Bus card:  
Elisabeth has lost the bus card ...  
Help I have to find it.

He swallows a whole mandarin,  
stuffed with butter and thinks  
"What the hell?"  
He draws his breath before he dies quietly.

---

it drips  
in a formation of  
etc.

"One plus one is three .....  
I'm thus .. ohhh..a five "

"I see, look, things  
That sounded a pling.  
I !, now have to run!  
otherwise, .. , a Jew, "

"Erectile"

Stand up  
See it so

"Take a tampon inside the pie!"

My pussy hurts  
The tampon was not small enough  
It sounds so wet  
I'm vibrating with my ass  
And moan like an obsessed nigger  
I'm going to cum  
Trying to get the tampon out  
I know the blood taste in my mouth  
And close myeyes  
I'm thinking of nice things  
Small dead children  
and myself suffering  
As I go and go  
And feel the pain pumping blood down there  
POP  
It's out  
It is spewing blood  
And I'm screaming out:  
This was good!  
I'm trying again ...

The smell

The smell of mv bowels fills ...

---

ready ...  
Over the toilet to ...  
Splashes Diarrhea jam

Oh ... the smell ...

Burned sausages and lukewarm beer  
and a body so deeply swole,  
The beach chad is worn out after an extra long summer,  
cook and flexed muscles to all who come.

**And they say it a lot, D'moan**

Constant electronic billboard replaced by crystalized cava  
chandler  
Bings a military aide, for revenge and the price of admission,  
Chair packets revealed in a city paper, recycled with bloomers of  
the golden bough  
Alert announcements running for a judge and an STI.

**11.**

Your sexual characteristics burn into my brain as your lolling  
drunken tongue in exclaim  
Action haunts my hand and your echinacea daisylongs to be  
stroked, puffy petals



KweenDace in bed with a lion licking her toes





Famous in American with legal eagle and the fly me outs

---

[1] (Years later, a wolf with nine brushes worth of hair missing smoked in a bar with neon lights and girls with bare feet. He was there for something. You could see it in his eyes. The sword of Damocles had hung over his head for eight long years. "That's the motherfucker," he mumbles to his associate. And just as the Soviet General turns around, drunk and dazed, three brushes in his pocket, the smokey bar fills with gunfire, flashes, and even more smoke.)

[2] Pronounced "vis-whir."